

The Rising Tide.

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THE RISING TIDE,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
DAVID P. DANIEL,
At Independence, Buchanan County, Iowa.
TERMS.
[illegible] Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year in Advance.

Spiritual views of Christ are never keeped and drugged into the soul by subtle opiates and alcoholic poisons, [act]ing upon the nerves and senses, and superinducing that dreamy and ex[quisite] sensibility which, by weak [minds], is so often mistaken for the fervors of piety.—Spring.

—Set a thief to catch a thief.

YOUTH'S CORNER.

Youth is the spring-time of life in which seeds are sown for the harvest of Eternity.

Little Flora Hews.

"Please tell me about Heaven, Mamma. Do the stars shine there? do the flowers blossom? and will the birds sing as they sing here?" And a little aching head rested upon the watching mother's bosom, and two soft brown eyes looked up for a reply.

"Heaven, darling, is a beautiful land not far off. There is no night there, and so they have no need of the stars for light. The birds sing there and the flowers are always in bloom."

"Will my head ache in Heaven, Mamma? and will God hear me when I say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven?' I suppose he'll be there, too, won't he, Mamma?"

"They are not sick in Heaven, my child. But you are weary and must rest," and Mrs. Hews put back the long curls from little Flora's forehead with one hand, and with the other she wiped the tears from her own eyes. I wonder what Mrs. Hews was thinking about, and I guess Flora wondered too, for she smilingly said:

"What makes you cry, Mamma? Is it because my head aches and I am so sick? May be I will go to Heaven, where I shall be well, and where the flowers always bloom, and where the birds are so very happy. I'll be as happy as they if I'm only well. I wonder, dear Mamma, if my roses that died do not blossom in Heaven? Papa says nothing dies, only changes, so I suppose the dear daises and roses *that* the frost killed will live and bloom in Heaven; and it may be my birds are there, too; that will be so nice to find Kitty and Dick, that died the same night the flowers did, in Heaven; and I shall be so well and glad to be with them! And, then, Mamma, you and Papa and May and Star will come to Heaven, too; and we shall be so happy—and—" There was a pause. Flora's breath grew shorter, and her voice fainter.

"You are weary, child; go to sleep and you'll be better in the morning."

"It grows dark. Will it be light in Heaven? Good night, Mamma."

"Good night, darling." And Mrs. Hews drew the curtain gently about the bed to shut out the light; she walked softly, and spoke in a whisper, that the sufferer might sleep; and she did sleep—a long sleep. She awoke with the birds and flowers in the Beautiful Land.

They made a little grave in Greenwood, and covered it with golden moss. They planted a white rose at her head, and a cypress tree at her feet. The birds sing in the branches of the great elm that overshadows the little mound.

Mrs. Hews and May and Star go and water the flowers that bloom there.

They sometimes water them with their tears, for they miss Flora's sunny smile and sweet voice. There is a little empty chair and a dear missing face at the home hearth, and a vacancy in all their hearts. But they dry their tears and are cheerful when they remember she is not dead, only gone to the home of the angels. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—[Frances Brown.

—Where one will not, two cannot quarrel.

Original Poetry.

For the Rising Tide.

THE SONG OF THE LUNATIC

BY J. C. HEAD.

My bark is on the swelling tide,
And down the stream I'll let it glide;
Yes, let it glide adown the stream;
This life is but a fleeting dream.
This world is not my home, no! no!
And cursed be he who'd have it so.
There is a world of endless bliss,
And as I'm passing on through this,
What matter if at times I steal
The widow's mite, the orphan's meal;
What matter, if in scorn I tread,
My princely foot upon the head
Of lowly man, and woman weak;
What matter, if my lust I wreak
Upon the gentle, innocent, and pure,
If by falsehood I may lure
The guileless heart to sin.
What matter, if I crush within
The bower of confiding youth,
Each rising aspiration after truth.
What matter, if erect I stand,
How many drunkards curse the land,
How many wives in anguish pine,
If all is with me and mine;
How many children pale with fear,
When a father's steps they hear.

Suppose that chains and fetters bind
For one-half of human kind;
And dungeons dark, and prison cells,
Like so many earthly hells,
Hold within their Horrid jaws,
The victims of tyrannic laws.

Suppose one-half the human race,
Are wrapped within the foul embrace
Of Slavery? What matters it to me,
So long as I and mine are free?

Suppose that famine, lean and gaunt,
The step-dame of poverty and want,
Howls to the poor in bitter scorn,
If so be I sell my corn
For three times its real worth,
To the starving ones of earth?

Suppose that war, with pennons red,
Strews the land with warriors dead,
And widows moan, and orphans cry,
Because the loved ones coldly lie,
All mangled in the arms of death,
Summoned by a tyrant's breath,
To do the work of vengeance dire,
That said tyrant's haughty ire
May be appeased, what care I
How many men may live or die,
If from the field, all drenched and gory,
I gather, that the world calls glory!
You call this cruel, but to allay
Your tender conscience, here I'll say
That tyranny sits not alone
Upon the Monarch's lofty throne;
But men are tyrants all,
And most gladly would enthrall
Their fellows, had they the power to
do it!
This is truth, I care not how you view it
And rather than myself to wear
The galling fetters, I would tear
From the mother's frenzied breast
Her first-born babe, and with a zest,
That demons damn'd wo'd howl to see,
Treat her grief with bitter mockery.

But — There is a *Hell*, the preacher
cries,
Beyond the tomb it surely lies,
And its consuming wave
Will overtake thee at the grave;
And thy soul, forever lost,
Be on the fiery billows tossed!

For what I pray is this my doom?
For the vilest sinner there is room.
Before I reach the boiling flood,
I'll plead a dying Savior's blood,
Which is sufficient to atone
For all the sins that e'er were known;
And thus to Heaven, in spite of Hell
I am bound, so fare you well!

Selected Miscellany.

From the Clarion.

Spritual Disipline.

BY CORA WILBURN.

To live the life ordained by spiritual mandate, it behooves us to cast aside from thought and soul and hearthstone, all the clinging earthliness that would stand and clog the heavenward aspirations. So thoroughly imbued with love and faith must the staid heart become, that it will turn aside with calm and pity from the cruel taunt and the envenomed shaft of calumny; saying from its divinest, inmost concienceness. "I forgive them all." Amid the tempest of opposition, amid the clamors wild and piercing of the accumulated slanderous host; while misrepresentation enraps with darkest folds, of malice, life's highest aims and purest motives, the trial-elevated soul shall stand unshaken, serene, benignant, bright and fearless, its eagle eye shall pierce encompassing darkness and reach the sunlit realm of love divine and unfailing. Then its isolation shall be visited by the comforting angels of our God; and the servent and upsoaring power of new and light enkindled inspirations shall bless the seeker and denouncing world.

From the paltry meed of worldly fame, the glitter of earth's mocking honors, the false delights of its turbulent enchantments, the disciplining host for ever lead the ransomed soul. They lead it over jagged rocks and beetling cliffs; where the wild waves of desolation threaten, and where the firebrands of destruction gleam; over thorny plains and desert level, over frozen mountains and through gloom appalling forest shades, over storm lashed seas and devastated lands; and every where the bleeding feet must rest; the wrung heart pause; the trial cup be drained. The briny draught must be lifted to the shrinking lip; the thorn implanted in the frail, weak, trembling spirit, not yet divinely encased, not yet angelically pure in truth, or ransomed by submissive faith. Only when the soul, far-reaching for eternal truths, and blest with [illegible] wisdom, meekly [illegible] otence, say[s] [illegible] word and deed, in thought and life, "Thy will be done," then only shall the pearly gates of the upper life be wide unclosed, and the fulness of revelation be awarded.

Then, for these shall gleam the future's awaiting compensation, the crown of spiritual conquest shall adorn the brows erst bending 'neath the martyr band they wore so long. The hands of angels, beautiful and recognized, shall lead them to the beckoning heights, where by the fane of worship, the spiritual glory of unshackled purity, shall bless their yearning sight; where the welcome songs of triumph shall rend the summer air; where the strong, brave, all-conquering heart, shall be divinely gladdened by the dear home voices that shall sing so thrillingly: "Well done [illegible]!" Oh, noble combatant [illegible] and earth[illegible] exceeding [illegible] when this, thy goal is won. And for its attainment pause not, oh toiling brother! falter not, oh tired and suffering sister! for it is the angel's path, all sore and rugged as it seems to thy material eye. The soul blossoms of imperishable beauty have been watered by the herrt's best tears; they will unfold in use and glory here, and in its divinest fruits hereafter. Once a sweet message from the upper land was wafted to my ear; and it told of life's trials that would reap the heavenliest compensations; it gave me a jewel of eternal life for every earthly woe; star-blossoms for my tears; strength, use and knowledge for my every care.—And I know, now, that Disipline is holy; that sorrow is an angel message, that patience and humility are spiritual aids that purify the soul from earthliness. I know that life is beautiful even amid the densest gloom; that heaven can be gained by effort, self-denial, truth and purity; that love and being are both eternal, and that God is in all.

There is no separation save of the material form; there is no death; no divided, no partial immortality. The blessed boon of life is dispensed to all; and in the future, the poor idiot groveling in the dust below, shall arise unto the heights of intellect, unto the sources of wisdom, unto the stature of the universal angelhood. And this shall be achieved by the inherent power of soul, which no mere human fiat, nor the elaborate researches of the most learned of earth suffice to overthrow.—Peace, rest, joy, knowledge, all shall be attained by the divine process of spiritual discipline.

Hadley, Mass.

From Life Illustrated.

Morning and Afternoon.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS

It was the freshest of April mornings, with a soft wind that had rifled all manner of sweet scents from dimpled hollows, purpled over with young violets, and solitary brook-sides, fringed with white anemone-stars, and wafted them into the city streets, to revive many a weary dweller among paving stones. Mrs. Arden, standing at her window, looked down at the few feet of earth that city people dignify with the title of "garden," and felt the sunny spring influences even there.

"What a lovely morning," said she to herself, "this is the very time to put my dahlias into the ground, and take [illegible]—how fortunate that to-day will be comparatively a leisure time to me! Women don't often get released from the domestic treadmill, and what with spring sewing, company and house cleaning, I have been literally a slave for the last three months. Once out in the open air among the flower roots, and I shall feel as though I were entering a new life!"

Ignorant Mrs. Arden! Had she lived to be thirty years old, without understanding that a married woman had not ought to even breathe, without first asking her husband if it's perfectly proper and convenient? Mr. Arden had laid out an entirely different programme for his lady-wife; in he came, discontentedly eyeing the new overcoat he had been buying.

"Nelly, can't you fix this coat somehow? There's something hitchy about the collar—you can tell where the trou[ble is] [illegible] you're [illegible] with your nee[dle]."

Mrs. Arden took it out of his hands, and looked at it despairingly — there was full three hours' work about it.

"And, Nelly—if you wouldn't mind altering these shirt-bosoms—they're all in a wrinkle—the pattern was a bad one."

"You insisted on having them made according to that very pattern, entirely against *my* advice."

"Well, I know I did," said Mr. Arden, rather sheepishly; "Martin said it was a good one, but Martin don't know everything!"

"I wish you had found that out before the shirts were made," said Mrs Arden, petulently.

"I say," interposed her spouse, apparently desirous of changing the subject, "what are you going to have for dinner?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the vexed reply, "I believe men are always thinking about eating — no sooner is breakfast over than dinner begins to disturb them!"

"I wish you would make one of those puddings I like—make it *yourself*, for Susan always mangles it. We haven't had one in a long time now."

"There goes the day of leisure that was to have put my garden in such fine order," sighed Mrs. Arden.

"O, pshaw!" said her husband, contemplating his whiskers in the glass, "what do you care about garden work? A woman ought to find her chief happiness in domestic duties. I don't approve of this everlasting fidgeting in regard to flowers!"

"Harry," said his wife, "*you* would not be at all contented if your office work was so endless that you never got a moment's time to smoke a cigar or to read a newspaper!"

"N—no," replied Mr. Arden, hesitatingly; "but then you are not a man."

"No—I know I'm not," said Mrs. Arden, quickly; "if I were, my wife should have a little leisure to breathe occasionally!"

Mr. Arden went out, shutting the door, with some vehemence, behind him.

"I never did see such a complaining set as the women are," was his internal reflection, as he walked rapidly down the street.

Two or three hours' steady work disposed of the press of office business awaiting him, and he threw himself back in a chair, to rest and look over his newspaper. But the balmy wind fanned his forehead like narcotic incense, and the sensation of "dolce far niente" was inexpressibly delightful—the closely printed columns became a mere confused blur, and the first Mr. Arden knew, he was—not exactly asleep, perhaps, but certainly not very wide awake!

Something carried him back to the time when Nelly had been a bride — fresh and blooming as a rose. How well he remembered the blue light o[f] her eyes and the satin brightness of her complexion. She had grown wan and weary-looking since those days. Was it possible he had been lacking in care and tenderness? It was rather an uneasy twinge of conscience, for he *did* love her, rattle-brained and thoughtless though he was.

He thought of her, sitting alone thro' the glorious April day, bending over the work he had assigned to her, until the pallor deepened on her cheek and the eyes grew dim and [illegible] — he remembered [illegible] had [illegible]

pation. No wonder that the little garden was a sunny spot to her—no wonder that she loved the flowers whose freshness seemed to revive her whole nature.

A man may be very cruel to a woman without either beating her or denying her the necessities of life!

Suppose she should drift away from him, like a delicate leaf upon a swift rushing stream! He shuddered at the mere idea. She was not strong — the time might come when a narrow grave and a white headstone would be all that remained of his little wife. And then—should he not remember these things?

He started up from the troubled network of fancy that had woven itself into a vague dream; the sunshine lay brightly upon the floor, and the fingers of the office clock pointed to the hour at which he usually went home to dinner.

The pudding was made—the coat in prime order—the unsatisfactory shirts ripped apart, and Nelly, though pale and tired-looking, came to the door with a smile to greet her husband.

"Why, Harry, what on earth have you got there?" she exclaimed, as Mr. Arden came up the steps, staggering under the weight of two or three blossoming geraniums and verbenas, which he he had brought up from down town with incredible difficulty.

"Thought you'd like some flowers for your garden," explained he; and Nelly straightway gave him "a good old-fashioned" kiss that amply sufficed for porterage fees.

"And now," said he, after dinner, "there is n't much doing at the office to-day—suppose you and I devote the afternoon to garden-work. We can make the little place as neat as a pink!"

"O, Harry, that would be delightful!" exclaimed she, with brightning eyes; "but those shirts—"

"O, hang the shirts! let 'em wait! I want to see your cheeks a little redder, my love!"

Mrs. Arden wondered in her secret heart what had wrought this agreeable change—she didn't know anything of her husband's dream!

Communications.

Under this head our Correspondents express their own sentiments, and for which they alone are responsible.

For the Rising Tide.

Harmony.

To be harmonious we must live in harmony with ourselves.

Wisdom to such as receive it;
Folly to those who do not believe it!

Spiritualism is a reformism, and those who are made better by spirit-teachings are the reformers. Mediums are to the spiritual and moral world what lamps are to the physical, dispelling darkness and error, and illuminating the pathway of life. Departed spirits use these organisms to dispense tidings of peace, hope, love, and harmony to the minds of earth's children. They not only feed and embellish the mind with their rich gifts; but thousands upon thousands of individuals can testify to the restoring, invigorating, and healing effects on their bodies.

All persons are more or less controled by spirit agency. Now as Spiritualism teaches reform, we would suggest that it be brought into every department of life, and those that believe it, and are governed by its teachings, and live out its principles to the letter, do find in it a perfect harmony. Therefore, to be harmonious we must live in harmony with ourselves.

We must live in harmony with the world [illegible] among [illegible]

treme, followed by deserts. wines, gin-slings, cordials, &c., together with the late hours to which social parties are held, produce disturbance; hence a warring among our members!! The stomach, taxed to its utmost, uses every effort to throw off its burden; at first it succeeds very well; but these heavy taxes imposed so often, it at last gives out, and has not power to do its office perfectly any longer.

The brain sympathises with the stomach; the liver, and other members of the body, make sorrowful complaints, and a complete warring among the members of the body is the result. — When Religionists experience these sensations after such indulgences, they meet with such harrowings of mind, that they (through ignorance) think they are tempted of the Devil, and struggle mightily to cast off the works of darkness. As soon as the stomach is relieved light breaks forth.

When relief comes, it often leaves the stomach, and, other parts, of the body, in a weak, debilitated state. The only source of aid then is to call a physician. He comes — finds the health and faculties of the body impaired, and sometimes prostrated by disease. The Dr. deals out the pills, powders, blisters, and plasters; if these fail to relieve, the *wise* conclusion is, that God has sent this disese for some wise purpose; and if the patient lies sick long, he is God's prisoner; and if he dies, God, in his infinite goodness, has seen fit to deprive him of life, that the living may be benefitted and profit thereby; when in fact, through dissipation in eating and drinking, they have been their own destroyers.

At the commencement, perhaps a few days of abstinence would have set all right.

The remedy for overloading the stomach is abstinence. Plain food, well cooked, and taken at proper intervals, and in moderate quantities, will insure health. Eating too much, of highly seasoned food, and too many kinds at one meal, is the beginning of mischief. Pies and puddings are digestible, and not injurious if made of proper materials. Rich pastry, warm biscuit, rich cake, sweetmeats, pork, rich gravies, brandy-sauce, tea, and coffee, are what generate disease in eating, and produce inharmony of the body.

But it is the fashion to cook thus and so. The epicure pronounces rich and highly seasoned food exceedingly palatable. (Lo, the poor stomach!) These are fashionable dishes and must be eaten; and so long as fashion has the sway, we must expect the larger part of society to be made up of Dyspeptics, Weak livers, Chronic and Scrofulous complaints, and not one-half the difficulties enumerated at that.

Many, at this present day, seem to be aware of the above facts, yet they are joined to their idols. Others do not follow the reform plan for fear of what the people may say. No doubt many of their friends came to enjoy their luxuries more than their society. Such will laugh and make derision;— but live naturally and you will soon find who your friends are. Set them an example of reform, and if each reformer would do likewise, they would be the happy instruments of saving many an unhappy victim from unwholesome living and an untimely grave.— Preaching without practice is not good being alone; but preaching and practice together make an excellent compound, and an hour of mental exercise added to the above, brings the mind in harmony with the body, and thus a complete [illegible] is accomplished.

We are attractive beings, and attract such things as [illegible] affinity for. Ignorant and gross [illegible] [illegible]

by too much drinking at meals. When water* is taken at taken at meals as a beverage, we are not apt to drink too much; but when food is rinsed down with tea and coffee, it is not properly masticated, and does not become mixed with the proper quantity of saliva, so it goes into the stomach in an improper state, and the stomach has to perform both mastication and digestion. Nothing is more wholesome than vegetables and fruit, of their kinds and in their season. They too are being bro't to perfection.

Who is satisfied with fruits and vegetables raised fifty years ago? Every step in progression will bring things to a higher state of perfection. The time will come when we shall be satisfied with the productions of the earth.— Animal food is required by many persons at present, because it corresponds with their natures. As the tide of progress advances, animal food will be done away. There is not one-half as much pork eaten now as there was 20 years ago. Twenty years hence will show a greater decrease still, not only of pork, but, of other meats. As the tide of progress rolls on, milk, butter, chees, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, will take the preference, and people will learn better methods of preparing food.

Fruits, instead of being manufactured into indigestible compounds, will be preserved in nearly a natural state.— Some have acquired the method now, of preserving fruit in nearly a fresh state. So, as earth's children progress in spiritual wisdom, they will have there counterparts; and every year of progression will tell its fresh tale of perfection, and harmony will be the result.

Dubuque, July 25. L. S. B.

*We agree with our correspondent, that water is better than tea or coffee, but we are decidedly of opinion that to "rinse down" food with anything, is a *very bad* practice. We therefore recommend to dyspeptics, and all others who would enjoy good health, to use *no drink whatever* with their meals!— This is a sovereign remedy for indigestion, as our own experience abundantly proves. *

For the Rising Tide.

Free Discussion.

DEAR TIDE:—

I notice in your prospectus these words: "Our columns are open to Free Discussion on all subjects connected with Religion or Morals; so that no soul who has an honest thought to utter shall be deprived of medium thro' which to bring that thought before the People, so long as it is clothed in respectful language."

If this is not fair I am at loss to know what fairness is—this looks to me like the true religion—it looks as though prejudice was thrown aside, and love supplied in its stead. I for one am happy to see this feeling manifested; for if the world ever needed anything it is that feeling which will bring all together in peace and love.

I am no believer in Spiritualism, yet I like to see it discussed. When I say I am no believer in Spiritualism, I do not wish to convey the idea that I do not believe that spirits exist, for I do believe it. But I do not believe that spirits commune with beings of our sphere; but I shall investigate and throw prejudice aside, (for if I despise anything it is that,) and there may be such a thing that I shall some day become a Spiritualist; if I do I shall not be ashamed to own it, and advocate its doctrines to the World. Still further, I do not believe the *Bible* to be the word of God, for I see written on its sacred pages, errors, and most erroneous ones too. I also see contradictions and ignorance [illegible] Being [illegible]

I once believed the Bible to be the Word of God, and accordingly learned long, long chapters of Scripture to repeat to my teacher on that Holy Sabbath. And I will hear remark that the face of that pious teacher was enough to turn an uninquiring mind in any direction he chose. I well remember, when I was scarce six years old, of going to church, and hearing the Priest pronounce my doom; and I firmly and honestly believed that an eternal Hell of Fire and Brimstone was to be my portion. And, night after night, have I passed on my pillow and sleep refused to visit me. As I revolved this question in my mind, I longed for some wild beast to devour me, thinking God could not get possession of me then; and I would thereby escape the dreadful doom, which awaited me.— But as I grew older I investigated the matter.

I have told you what I now believe, or rather, what I do not believe, and as I before stated, I shall investigate Spiritualism which I do not believe; and perhaps it will terminate as the Bible question did, which I did believe. I remain your friend and Inqurer.

N. H. BARBER.

Middlebury Summit Co. Ohio.

For the Rising Tide.

The Tornado.

Two days previous to the event of the great catastrophe occasioned by the violence of the late Tornado which swept over a large portion of our country, committing devastation and destroying so many lives of our citizens. I was standing at the West door of my house, a short time before the sun arose, and I beheld a bright light arise in the north-west, having the form of a dome, bearing much the appearance of a volcano when it emits its briliant light from the everlasting fires beneath. It continued to increase, both in hight and depth, until its top seemed to reach the high Heavens, exhibiting every variety of color and shade, far surpassing the skill of the artist, bearing the impress of him who made the world.

So splendid was the sight, and so different from anything that I had ever seen, I had a desire that all should be permitted to witness the phenomenon. I called my wife that she might be a spectator of so grand a sight. At the time I had a strong impression that it was omenous of some wonderful convulsion in nature, and accordingly expressed that opinion to Mrs. B.

Two days later I was at the East door (situation the bluffs, in Dubuque,) looking over the river, and I saw a black cloud, having the appearance of the smoke of a volcano, or similar in appearance to many of the high peaks seen on the Rocky and Syra Nevada Mountains, at a great distance. It was moving at a rappid rate, from south west to north east, and was accompanied in its wake with scattered light clouds torn in shreds, and passing with rapid strides, as though they were chased by the King of the weather with all his hosts. I was then impressed with the belief that what I had seen those two days previous, and the opinion I then formed was being verified, and mentioned the same to my family. I told them that we should soon learn of its disastrous effects, which has turned out to be true.

Now I am of the opinion from the frequent occurence of so many tornadoes, hail-storms, cattle diseases, our country so rife with all manner of crimes, and the war that is raging between the North and South; that God has a controversy with our Nation.— History affords us abundant evidence, that when a Kingdom or City has become ripe with crime, God has visited such places with terible calamities, and depopulated and in many instances extinguished them entirely. I am far from the belief that such calamities are the special acts of Divine Providence, but that it is the natural result of violated laws. If my opinion is correct I hope that our Nation will learn wisdom and return to their allegiance to God, and do their duty to their fellow race. And thus avoid a calamity that may be gathering, and may break over our heads that will be more terrible than anything that has hither-to befallen it. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

L. W. BENNETT.

Friend, with due reverence to your feelings, I would like to ask considered this arbitrary God question a little.

It is true, that History, both profane and Sacred, teach us of a God of terror and vengence, visiting the people with all kinds physical punishment; but in the name of high Heaven, what kind of *love* and *mercy* is there in such a God? We can't put our trust in a God bearing such a character. History can not be true, when *Infinity* is charged with such outlandish accusations, worse by far, than finite man could do. What would you think of a father who became so enraged at his child in consequence of disobedience, that he would rush out in a frezy and break the limbs of the inocent members of his family, and take some of their lives; crying "vengence is mine," and rushing on to the fields, destroying the beasts in like manner? That would be a lovely God to worship. In this manner, many accuse Jehovah, and they sanctified Christians. Since this tornado, we heard a very devout Minister lay the charge of the distruction of lives to God, and thanked Him for being so mindful of us as to pass us by so *mercifully*, on that occasion, and laid it to the sinfulness of the land.— Our heart naturally responded, Oh! thou unjust God of Chaldeans, why did thou take a narrow strip of land and lay waste the innocent children, and beast and fowl? Why did thou not spare them, they sinned not?—

Then let us not lay any charge to Infinite Wisdom, or principle, that man is too good to perform. Let us then have a cosistent God, one who would not willingly inflict an injury upon mortals; one that has fixed laws, and the violations of them will be visited on the violator of those laws—not the innocent. If we, the favored, had been unfortunate enough to have lived in that locality, it would have been the same; the fluids, or certain properties in the atmosphere would have gathered, and cast its vengence all the same. I and that Rev. might have been the victims instead of others. Then we would have been the victims of God's rage and they the favorites. The fact is God is a God of *Mercy* and *Justice*; not of Partiality. †

The New Birth.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD, on Monday, July 23d, 1860, WILLIE HERBERT LONGHURST, son of William and Marsha Longhurst, of Dubuque, Iowa.

Willie met his change by drowning in the Mississippi. He was a lad of twelve winters, unusually bright and intellectual for one of his age and experience. He was extensively known in this city, and much loved by all who knew him, both old and young; and when I thus speak, it is no mere assertion, for never did we see so much sympathy manifested on any like occasion in behalf of a youthful sufferer. Poor Willie, was a common expression of all classes throughout his extensive acquaintance. And those who take a superficial view of the case, have honestly said, the lad is dead; or, that he has been cut down in his youth; or, nipped by the untimely frosts of fate. Others say, with an equal degree of honesty, that God, in his infinite providence, has removed the child, for purposes mysterious and unknown. But we say, truly he ended his rudimental career prematurely, like the unripe fruit that is shaken from the parent tree, or the half-blown rose that has been rudely snatched from the stem, just as it was opening out to the world the hitherto hidden or undeveloped beauties of its interior being. And while it would probably have been better for him to have continued his mundane existence until nature should have fully accomplished her designs in the full development of the rudimental man, and then, like sheaves that are fully ripe for the harvest, to have been gathered into the spiritual "garner." But as it is, and according to our beautiful philosophy, he will be abundantly cared for in the spirit world, by those who have gone before; and there, in that more perfect spiritual condition, his youthful faculties will be fully developed to a state of perfect manhood. Therefore we "mourn not, as those who have no hope." And though he has gone from our sight, it is not to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." No, not by any means. And dare I say that strong evidences of that fact have already been realized? "But tell it not in Gath."

The funeral discourse was delivered by Miss Scougall, of Rockford, Illinois, under spirit influence. A hymn having been sung, the medium arose and addressed the audience and friends most beautifully, appropriately and pathetically, for the space of about thirty minutes. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity; many strangers were present, and a deathlike silence prevailed in the audience, while words of instruction and sweet consolation fell warm from angelic intelligences. The speaker labored to show that what we call death, is not annihilation but a beautiful change. That the spiritual or real child, had only left the frail casket for another more beautiful state of existence; like the winged butterfly that leaves its caterpillar-body. She urged that we forbid not the flow of the sympathetic tear, as it was the natural expression of the soul, or vent to the strong inward emotions, bringing relief to the troubled and pent-up spirit, as gentle showers upon the parched earth. She gently referred to the prevalent errors of the day, in supposing a fixedness of the condition of those who have gone to the spirit-land. And instead of a fixed condition of eternal happiness or misery, it was a state of everlasting progression for all human beings, and though children enter prematurely into the spiritual state, they do not remain children there any more than they would here; and though the rudimental condition is best for the child, in which to develop or unfold itself to a perfect state of man or womanhood, yet the heavenly mental germ, inherent in the child, which is denied an unfoldment on the natural earth-plane of its existence, (which is the proper place,) will mature, and unfold its native powers, in that spiritual state, into which the departed child has entered. Then dry your tears, loving mothers, your darling departed infant daughter, will eventually become a fully developed spirit-woman. And be ye comforted, affectionate fathers, for your infant son will be a full grown man in the eternal spheres. And were I now to digress from my subject, and give vent to my feelings, I would say, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, o'er the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
THEY speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise THEY come and depart.
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed;
THEY speak in hope for what once was ours,
THEIR love's first gift, bring ye flowers, fresh flowers!"

We was again beautifully reminded, that the fast-decaying corpse before us, was not the real child, and it was urged that we should duly respect it, as being the late tenement, or earthly house of the departed youth; and while that body would decay, and speedily return to the elements, to be reproduced in other life-forms, according to the affinities of the composing atoms, the immortal spirit, or real child, would linger near at pleasure, to soothe, comfort, and console, by gentle impressions, and, at favorable times, by direct communications. Many beautiful things were said that were too good to be forgotten.

We followed the little form to the grave, when a few appropriate words were spoken by the medium, including thanks to kind friends in behalf of the bereaved; at the conclusion of which all was silent, but a mingling sound of suppressed sighs, and the doleful rumbling of dirt-clods. Little Willie's body is buried. I drop the scene.

S. Y. BRADSTREET.

Dubuque, July 28, 1860.

—If the wealth so freely lavished in building costly mansions, and dedicating them to the worship of the [illegible]dox God, was expended in building humble cottages for the poor and [illegible]itute of our land, we would soon [illegible] accomplished that which the Ch[illegible] has been praying for these eighteen past centuries [illegible]

THE RISING TIDE.



INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

DAVID P. DANIEL, } EDITORS.
MRS. M. M. DANIEL, }

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1860.

The "RISING TIDE" is ... Spiritual or thoroughly Reform ... journal published in the West. ... it circulates among people of all Classes, Parties, Sects, and Creeds, ... more readers than any other ... published in this region of country. Business men in Dubuque, and other places, who wish to Advertise in ... will please bear these FACTS in mind!

Give us the Facts.

We say to our friends throughout the West, and especially those in our own State; to send us such tests, and other facts as may be elicited by their investigations of Spiritual phenomena. The public mind is now considerably awakened on this subject; and it only ... the promulgation of such home facts as may be within our reach, to ... arouse the great heart of Iowa and the West to the investigation of this all important subject! Let each ... send us such *facts* as come within ... knowledge; and thus help to keep the "Tide" of Spiritual Truth "Rising," till it shall overflow all the land with its purifying waters.

AGENTS.

The following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions for the "Rising Tide," in their respective localities:

Dubuque—S. Y. BRADSTREET.
Rockford, Ill.—HIRAM WALDO.
Belvidere, Ill.—H. BIDWELL.
Chicago, Ill.—MRS. A. L. MCKAY.
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☞ Other Agents will be added to the above "List," as they shall report themselves, in answer to our call.

☞ Persons receiving this copy of the "Rising Tide," will please consider it an invitation to subscribe for it, (if they are not already taking it,) and to request their neighbors to "go and do likewise."

A Short Review of a Sermon.

"Variety is the spice of life," so we thought, and doned our bonnet and shawl, last Sunday evening, and journeyed forth to the Temple of the Orthodox God.

Our calling is to oppose and combat wrong wherever we find it; not individuals, but errors as we understand. If we are wrong, show us a better ... and we'll walk in it; right is what we are after.

The Minister, honest, we doubt not, ... all the zeal his faculties could ... preached from these words: "Having the form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away."

The Sermon was *good*, for one purpose, namely: to keep in subjection all ... and unpretending persons—non-thinkers. But to our mind it was full of absurdities.

1st. He said the Bible was the word of God, and that it was the only way any person could be saved was by faith and obedience to its teachings.

2d. The inference was, that it was so blind that common folks could not understand it; so the Lord had raised up learned men to decipher it; and the unlearned must take God's word thro' finite sifting; and spoke of Clark's Comentary, we supposed as authority. He said, it was necessary to have a creed or form for general use, because, some liking strong drink, would go to the Bible, that being the rule of government, saying that we need "a little wine for our stomach's sake." And others would say "be not drunk with wine," from this would arise wrangling &c. This showing the absolute necessity of creeds, which appeared satisfactory to the audience. He said that Jesus made no creed, and if he had it would not be suitable to our day, said it would be like, (in comparison,) a pack-horse to a railroad-car. Very good, that placed Calvin, Luther, and Wesley's creeds and doctrines, among the antiquities; such being the rule we need new ones now; what was adapted to Luther's wants and circumstances, are very insufficient for the present wants of the people, tho' there are many, that seemingly, need those restraints, and then come far short of the attainments of those old soldier's of the cross.

Jesus made no creed, why? because he knew the time would arrive, that each would be a law unto himself, he needed none, and he expected the human family to progress to the full stature of himself, in spiritual things. Undoubtedly, he knew there were men enough to make creeds, and as they grew in intellectual things, they would throw them off as a worn out garment, good for nothing.

But then to the idea advanced in the discourse, that Jesus, being God, could not have been capable of making a creed, any better adapted to our use, than a pack-horse is to the railroad-car. We give the Nazarine and his works, a greater weight of reverence than that, though we do not believe him to be God.

How very strange, that God should have wrote a book on which depended the salvation of the human family, and have it so miserably gotten up that the majority, must take it second-hand. We think God must have made a great mistake either in the creation of man, or the writing of the Bible; if he did it. For there is an inharmony between the two.

Again, he very cautiously warned those firm in the *faith*, not to associate with persons who denied the power of Godliness, or to read anything, that was not in accordence with the Bible; "from such turn away;" be like Christian in Pilgrim's Progress, stick your fingers in your ears &c., that you may not hear or know. Can it be possible that popular Christianity, is so impure that such precautions are necessary to keep the church together; that there is not vital piety and principle, in the members to remain in subjection to the laws and Church regulations. Or is the believers, of such weak unintellectual material, that, they need a master, to bid them go here, or go there, we know what is best for you? If such is the case with any, don't be alarmed, you could 'nt make a thinker out of them; but, perchance if there is any, that dare to think for themselves, you may draw the cords, turn every screw, the crysalis will eventually throw off the outer garment and fly away into a more congenial sphere. †

☞ If you want a good watch free of charge, read the Suffolk Exchange Company's advertisement in this paper.

☞ If any of our readers wish to enjoy the benefit of an interesting and scientific course of lectures during the coming winter, they would do well to address Mr. LELAND at once, and secure his services. See advertisement.

A Trip in the Country.

A week ago last Satuaday, in company with Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and three other persons, we took our seat in a carriage and journeyed Northward to Fayette and West Union, there being appointments at the latter place for Mrs. B. to lecture on the Sabbath.

The weather was cool and delightful (the previous night's rain having laid the dust beautifully,) and Nature, in its diversified scenery, spoke forth adoration and praise to the Great Ruler of the Univere. With one of old our heart could but exclaim, "How wondrous are thy works, O, Lord, God of hosts."

In the forepart of the day we amused ourselves by talking of the news, the latest of which was, a Spiritualist Convention, and Mrs. Grundy's probable remarks in reference to the same, and finally wound up with some conversation respecting a certain *locofoco paper*, which smelt very strongly of brimstone, and frequently made a great flourish about hearsays, and stating them for facts; when finally we came to the conclusion that said popgun was of too small calliber to take any notice of, so we let him pop away, for no one with common sense would pay any attention to his statements.

After traveling some eighteen miles, principally over prairie, we drove up to a respectable looking farm house, and inquired if they could furnish corn for our horses, &c. But as good luck would have it, they said no. Inquiries were then made about the road, and the probability of getting corn, tea, &c., at the next house, when we were politely informed that it was six miles to the next house in the direction we were going.

Nothing daunted, we drove on, having Mercy's basket full of provisions aboard; but the tea. After passing over a beautiful prairie, we hove in sight of two or three *log cabins*, but to our disappointment they were uninhabited. A little farther on we saw one with a stove pipe protruding through the roof, and, as we drove up to the fence, a woman appeared at the other end of the house, wearing a very short dress, though not a Bloomer.

We soon learned there was tea and corn to be had; consequently a rapid exit from the carriage to terra firma.—After entering, and going through the preliminary introduction of strangers, some remarks were made in regard to the woman's youthful appearance.

"Ah!" said she, "I should not have married so young, had it not been for getting a home."

In that short sentence, thought we, is spoken the history of many a desolate, unhappy heart.

The inquiry was then made, "Are there any Spiritualists living in this part of the country? Are they Free-lovers, honest neighbors," &c.

She answered that she did not know much about them; but supposed by what she had heard that they were a queer sort of folks, and that they must be Free Lovers, for the women wore *short dresses!*

One of our party remarked that we had never seen any of those eccentric people, and if not too far out of our way we would call and see them, but, by the by, as you made your appearance around the corner of the house, we thought you must be one, for your dress is very short, yet we supposed they wore trousers.

"No, indeed!" said she "I'm not a Free Lover. I made a mistake, and cut my dress shorter than I meant to."

A sad mistake, thought we, so out of fashion, a full quarter of a yard above the ordinary length, yet how convenient; no chance to step on it, or get it bedraggled with mud, but then how ungenteel, that is popularly speaking.

We inquired if she knew anything bad of Spiritualists? to which she replied—

"No, but they are called a very queer set."

By this time we had refreshed ourselves, and being much amused with the information received, we told her that our whole load was composed of those crazy fanaties we had been talking about. We gave a hearty laugh, and started our horses in the direction indicated, that we might see these so-called Free Lovers. After going about two miles out of our way we halted in front of a large farm-house, and told them our errand. The woman called it a good joke; mirthfulness again gave way, and a sudden pull upon the right hand rein turned the horses around, and we started again for Fayette, without seeing the wonder we had expected.

Passing through Fayette, we came out upon the most beautiful farming country, that has been our fortune to see: wheat and oats, are much heavier than in this vicinity; though there is no grumbling here among the farmers.

Before sunset we found ourselves at the end of our journey. With a good nights rest, and a pleasant mornings walk around West Union; we, bidding adieu to our friend, Mrs. Brown, took seats in the carriage, and were soon homeward bound. Making a short call on friends in Fayette, with fifteen miles ride brought us to the residence of our friends, the supposed, "Free-lovers," where we dined. Just after the sun had passed below the horizon, we arrived at home, all safe. †

For the Rising Tide.

Preaching at the Court House.

At 3 o'clock, p. m., next Sunday, Rev. Mr. Frazier will preach at the Court House in this village. Mr. Frazier belongs to the Free Presbyterians, an order which is distinguished for its strenuous opposition to slavery, war, intemperance, and other prevalent sins which have too long had the countenance of both church and state. A general attendance is requested. T.

Test Facts.

Under this head we propose publishing from week to week such facts and phenomena as clearly demonstrate the presence of spirits;—whether they take place within our own knowledge, or that of our Correspondents. Send on your FACTS, friends!

Remarkable Accident.

Dr. J. A. Gridley, a physician of spiritualistic opinions, in Southampton Mass., is the author of the following communication, which appears in the Northampton Gazette of June 5th.—In sending it to the editor, the doctor writes: "For insertion if you have courage."

"On the 22d ultimo the wife of Dr. Gridley, a fleshy heavy woman, while reaching for blossoms with one hand through a chamber window, and partly supporting herself with the other by holding to a small bough, which broke, was precipitated head foremost into the front yard. Was she hurt?—Next to none at all—'for he gave his angels charge concerning her that they should bear her up.' What, in the name of heaven and an unbelieving church are such texts recorded in the Bible for, if the same principles and heavenly power are not as alive and active today as in time past? Are the heavens less interested in the welfare of humanity? Besides, her father, who has been an inhabitant of the spirit world for the last fifteen years, informed her in the evening that he seized her dress and held her till that gave way; that he then threw his own body under hers thus easedher down." In corroboration of his statement I will say that her apron strings was broken and the skirt of her dress torn in several places crosswise near the hip, as though a strong hand had gathered it into folds and held it firmly just above the knee, till, as was affirmed, it gave way—no part of her clothing could have possibly touched the tree, for the extreme end of its limbs could just be reached; nor was there anything about the window that could be fond to tear her dress at all, and much less in the direction that the slits indicated. She arose and laughing into the house with the question, Where do you think I have been? and also with the positive assertion that she had been buoyed up by some invisible power. She was up the first in the house the next morning, and did her baking, ... though she had fall and done nothing, ... her into life and activity."

THE RISING TIDE.

Reason vs. Authority.

REVIEW, NO. 1.

The fault which this article proposes to find with the views of S. Y. Bradstreet, as expressed in his "Progressive Series," is what I shall call a misdirected effort, or aiming a thing which has no existence.

He seems to be laboring under the delusive idea that the Church receives the Bible as authority. THIS IS NOT TRUE! I am aware there are professions enough of this kind; but we must learn, if we have not, to look beyond professions and surface views of things. *A Spiritualist should be a matter-of-fact man!*

It is true that individuals talk about the infallibility and authority of the Scriptures. Not a year since, I heard one of these wiseakers, in the garb of a clergyman, say that the Bible came to us the same as if his father was gone a distance from home and should write him a letter with his own hand, &c.;—but all such pretensions are mere talk, and hollow at that. A man must be one of Pollock's fools who never had a dozen thoughts in all his life, if he does know that the Bible, as we have it, contains errors, and is therefore imperfect.

Out 7 by 9 pulpit declaimers, who are the ones to talk the loudest about authority, just as soon as a passage is seen to be against their idol theory, will find out that it is translated wrong, or something else is the matter with it, his creed is right anyhow.

In Michigan, where I spent several years as a Spiritualist, we made much use of St. Mark's statements relative to the signs that should follow them that believe, and it was difficult for our ministerial opponents to get over or do away with the argument. But it is according to the Bible, that they that seek shall find, and they sought and did find, and we were treated to a sermon by the Circuit Preacher, in the introduction to which we were informed, that we lacked a clear evidence that Saint Mark's Gospel was the work of inspiration; showing that he would sooner destroy the Bible, or any part of it, than to admit our claims. This is but a specimen of what we see all about us, and which goes to show that the churches generally, confide more in their creeds and clergy than in the Bible; the latter must be warped and twisted to suit the former. *It is a tool which is used or laid aside at option.*

There lies, deeply imbedded, in the religious systems of the day, truths, which, when called out and applied, will compell them to adopt the Spiritualist philosophy; and it appears to me better to fasten upon these, than to battle them for supposed errors, especially if those errors do not actually exist.

Years ago, our Baptist friends found out that the Scriptures were wrong on the subject of baptism, and translated the Bible to suit themselves; they also used the word Jehovah where ours uses Lord and God. This probably would have been of great service, had it been so from the beginning, for two reasons:

1st.—It might have saved the transfer of the words and acts of their great men to the Deity, which is a fruitful source of mischief.

2d.—As the word Jehovah signifies love, we might have entertained higher views of God than we generally do.—But the change came too late, and seemed to be of little use farther than to establish the fact that they do not believe in the divine authenticity of the Scriptures as we have them; and, for one of that denomination to pretend that he does, shows him either in dark darkness, or decidedly hypocritical.

It is, of course, well known, that a committee of several leading clergymen were employed, a few years since, to take into consideration the imperfections of our version of the Bible, and the result of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and they recommended the printing of one containing their corrections, which should be called the Standard Bible. We should bear in mind that this Committee were Orthodox men, and in the employ of a Bible and Missionary Society. Their claims were accepted, and measures began to be taken for printing the Standard Bible.

But just at this point, a portion of the church were sufficiently clear from the muddy waters of false theology to see where the move must land the Bible in the estimation of the masses;—and, at the same time, our free papers handled them so without mercy, that the project was postponed. Of course, I do not know as these were all the reasons for postponement; it might have been, at least in part, a matter of speculation, designed to shuffle off the stock of Bibles on hand, believing that the new would sell any way. I may not have charity enough, for to speak truly, I am suspicious of pious fraud somewhere in that game.

However suspicious some things may be which the case involves, there is no mistaking some points *there at least!*

1st.—There was a fear that the Bible as we have it was unsound and unreliable, which existed among them to an extent that demanded a candid investigation so strongly that they dare not defer it any longer.

2d.—That their investigation confirmed their fears by detecting OVER TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND ERRORS.

3d.—By recommending a re-print, or rather the printing of a Standard Bible, they assumed that our Bible was not suitable for a Standard, and for that Bible and Missionary Society, those very ministers who formed that Committee, and their supporters, to palm off our Bible as God's Word, and a reliable guide to faith and practice, is a species of villainy, of which a common villain would be ashamed. I am aware that honesty in error is a common thing among mortals, and would be charitable to others as I wish them to be to me, and have no wish to condemn men promiscuously, but am compelled to feel that some who are involved in that business know better than to play such a double game, and ought to be told of their sin in unmistakable language. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Baptist denomination, and our American Boards for Missionary and Bible purposes, declare the want of reliability in our Bible, and suppose that they know enough to make a better one; and yet, with what awful sanctity they can talk about those who suppose that the Bible contains errors. O! MONSTROUS!!

Now, if these things are so, my dear Br. Bradstreet should not accuse the church of taking the Bible as authority! SHE IS NOT GUILTY, and it is pefectly futile and vain for one of her branches to make that pretence, or to claim the book as authority; in doing so, they are as unreasonable as the man who is opposed to war, and resorts to nature as a guide while its elements are in a perpetual war all about him, and he would die of stagnation the first hour that this warring should cease.

True, we have in the Wesley creed the statement that the Bible is the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of faith and practice; but we must recollect that John Wesley was a man who reasoned deeply and logically, and co'd never have intended to supplant that principle in others. The idea appears to be that it was the best rule they knew of, and if they lived up to its light as he presented it, they would finally get to heaven; and as Spiritualists we, of course, have no contention with his views on that subject; but he was so dissatisfied with the Bible as we have it, that he fitted up the New Testament in a bettered condition, as he doubtless thought. His followers, therefore, must admit our version to be objectionable. He who does not is not a Wesleyan. All Methodists must take our ground or give up their own.

Yours for the Truth as it is,

HERSCHEL FOSTER,

Albany, Whiteside Co., Ill.

—A negro slave who had been severely whipped by his master, in [illegible] [illegible] county, Georgia, during the night [illegible] [illegible] her children, [illegible] and fled.

New Advertisements.

PROSPECTUS OF

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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, devoted to the Investigation and unfoldment of the Facts and Philosophy of "Modern Spiritualism," the News of the Day, and Moral Reform generally. Our columns are open to

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